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# We share a connection

**bromance**

228 5 12

## Chapter 1 by Joakim

Me and Daryl has been best friends for 15 years. The first person I text when something good happens and the first person I text when something bad happens.

Something has changed though, I never used to get nervous in his presence but I do now.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



We were outside my house this summer when I first noticed. It was a hot and humid day, and we decided to go for a swim in the pool. I remember when he slid off his shirt and I saw his smooth chiseled abs. He had been playing soccer this year and I guess working out. I had seen him shirtless a lot over the years. But for some reason I blushed and turned around. He teased me of course. But why did the feeling linger? Nothing had changed as far as I know, maybe he got cuter, more handsome. But there is plenty of cute boys, but they don't make me feel like this... I'm scared to tell him, I don't want things to change. Then again, I feel like they are already changing...

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I friend home from school. I didn't know what to expect. I was nervous, but I became part of the household after that. I was welcomed with open arms and I got to sit in the backyard, the

(who was in the process of divorcing my father by then) it seems that she thought of his mother because of his hair and way he jumped around with the basketball. That's what she said later any way.

My point is that we'd been friends since we'd been born, and lost track. But that was until he came back into our lives, and Daryl and Kevin became good friends. Kevin and he would go out and hang out and do everything together, and i died of hero worship every time I watched. Big brothers don't like kid brothers to hang around. I admired how smooth and talented he was. On the court, in the gym, in the school orchestra, in the theater group, in the church choir, in the science fair, there didn't seem to be anything that he did poorly. He was truly my hero. I found excuses to tag along with them, where mom would support me and make Kevin accept me being there too, but if it hadn't been for Daryl I'd have spent a lot of time being tormented by the others in their group of friends.

Daryl and his parents had moved back to town, and that's how Kevin had met him not realizing the new kid in town was our old friend.

And now, I was at 15 and three months while he was 15 and nine months and just back from summer vacation at the summer house. He was magnificent, and he was everything I wished I was, and I hated being so puny. I wanted him like me and suddenly it was extremely important that he like me as much as I liked him. I hated that he liked Kevin so much and not me. I wanted to be his friend again, like we'd been when we were nine, and again when we 13.

I needed to have a secret ceremony again. just like before, I wanted to tell him my secrets, my secret secrets, and even more my "dam secret secrets", like those of our secret ritual. Since we were little, we'd inked a red star on the back of our own right hand, then shared by spitting on each other's hands and smacking them together and pressing our lips to the the "ink is my blood" sign we'd made on our wrists at the beginning of the secret ceremony. I knew about what he'd done to Kathy's cat, and he knew about how I'd shit myself before i got sick and barft that time.

We were kids, then, though. But an ink starred confession wouldn't cut it this time. I felt my belly tighten when i thought of him coming back, and now that he was here, I was raging inside,

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fall into the pool before the truth got embarrassing. That "joke" turned out well and we found ourselves wrestling as we got acquainted again under the new circumstances.

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